

# THE SPLENDID SPUR

## THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER IX.  
(Continued.)

Being by this time angered, I did a foolish thing; which was, to clap the muzzle of the pistol against the grating, close to the fellow's nose. Singular to say, the trick saved me. A bolt was slipped hastily back and the wicked door opened stealthily.

"I want," said I, "room for my horse to pass."

Thereupon more grumbling followed, and a prodigious creaking of bolts and chains; after which the big gate swung stiffly back.

"Sure, you must be worth a deal," I said, "that shut yourself in so careful."

Before me stood a stout fellow—extraordinarily old and bent, with a wizened face, one eye only, and a chin that almost touched his nose. He wore a dirty suit of livery, that had once been canary yellow, and shook with the palsy.

"Master Tingcomb will see the young man," he squeaked, nodding his head; "but is a-reading just now his Bible."

"A pretty habit," answered I, leading in Molly—"if unreasonable. But why not have said so?"

He seemed to consider this for a while, and then said abruptly:

"Have some pastry and some good cider."

"Why, yes," I said, "with all the heart, when I have stabled the sorrel here."

He led the way across the court, well paved but chok'd with weeds, toward the stable. I found it a spacious building, and counted sixteen stalls there, but all were empty save two, where stood the horses I had seen in Bodmin the day before. Having stabled Molly, I left the place (which was thick with cobwebs) and followed the old servant into the house.

He took me into a great stone kitchen, and brought out the pastry and cider, and poured out half a glass only.

"Have a care, young man! 'Tis a luscious, thick, seductive drink" and he chuckled.

"'Twould turn the edge of a knife," I said, tasting it and looking at him, but his one bleared eye was inscrutable. The pastry also was moldy and I soon laid it down.

"Hast a proud stomach that cometh of fasting sumptuously; the beef therein is our own killing," said he. "Young sir, art a man of blood. I greatly fear, by thy long sword and handiness with the firearms."

"Shall be presently," answered I, "if you lead me not to Master Tingcomb."

He scrambled up briskly and tottered out of the kitchen into a stone corridor, I after him. Along this he hurried, muttering all the way, and halted before a door at the end. Without knocking he pushed it open, and motioning me to enter, hastened back as he had come.

"Come in," said a voice that seemed familiar to me.

Though, as you know, 'twas still high day, in the room where now I found myself was every appearance of night; the shutters being closed and six lighted candles standing on the table. Behind them sat the venerable gentleman whom I had seen in the coach, now wearing a plain suit of black and reading in a great book that lay open on the table. I guessed it to be the Bible, but noted that the candles had shades about them, so disposed as to throw the light, not on the page, but on the doorway where I stood.

Yet the old gentleman, having bid me enter, went on reading for a while as though wholly unaware of me, which I found somewhat nettling, so began:

"I speak, I believe, to Master Hannibal Tingcomb, steward to Sir Deakin Killigrew."

He went on as if ending his sentence aloud:

"And my darling from the power of the dog."

Here he paused with finger on the page and looked up.

"Yes, young sir, that is my name—steward to the late Sir Deakin Killigrew."

"The late?" I cried. "Then you know—"

"Surely I know that Sir Deakin is dead, else should I be but an unworthy steward."

He opened his grave eyes as if in wonder.

"And his son also?"

"Also his son, Anthony, a headstrong boy. I fear me, a consorter with vile characters. Alas, that I should say it!"

"And his daughter, Mistress Della?"

"Alas," he fetched a deep sigh. "Do you mean, sir, that she, too, is dead?"

"Why, to be sure—but let us talk on less painful matters."

"In one moment, sir; but first tell me—where she did die, and when?"

For my heart stood still, and I was fain to clutch the table between me to keep me from falling. I think this did not escape him, for he gave me a sharp look, and then spoke very quiet and hushed.

"She was cruelly killed by highwaymen, at the 'Three Cups' Inn, some miles out of Hungerford. The date given me is the 3d of December last."

With this a great rush of joy came over me, and I blurted out, delighted:

"There, sir, you are wrong! Her father was killed on the night of which you speak—cruelly enough, as you say; but Mistress Della Killigrew escaped, and after the most incredible adventures—"

I was expecting him to start up with joy at my announcement; but instead of this, he gazed at me very sorrowfully and shook his head; which brought me to a stand.

"Sir," I said, changing my tone, "I speak but what I know; for 'twas I had the happy fortune to help her to escape, and under God's hand, to bring her safe to Cornwall."

seek Della Killigrew, much less to find her. And remember, I know enough of thy late services to hang thee; mercy, then, will lie in my friends' hands, but be sure I shall advise none."

And with a mocking laugh he clapped to the grating in my face.

CHAPTER X.

I Leave Joan and Ride to the Wars.

Joan was not in the kitchen when I arrived at the cottage nor about the buildings; nor yet could I spy her anywhere moving on the hills. So, after calling to her once or twice, I stabled the mare, and set off up the tor side to seek her.

But to-day as I climbed past the spot, something very bright flashed in my eyes and dazzled me. I finally found her sitting behind a slab of granite with her back to me. In the left hand she was holding up the mirror that caught the rays of the sun sinking into some form of knot her tresses—black, and coarse as a horse's mane—that already she had roughly braided. A pail of water stood beside her; and around lay scattered a score or more of long thorns, cut to the shape of hairpins.

"'Tis probable that after a minute's watching I let some laughter escape me. At any rate Joan turned, spied me, and scrambled up, with an angry red on her cheek. Then I saw that her bodice was nearer laced than usual, and a bow of yellow ribbon (dashed up heaven knows whence) stuck in the bosom. But the strangest thing was to note the effect of this new tidiness upon her; for she took a step forward as if to cuff me by the ear (as, a day ago, she would have done), and then stopped, very shy and hesitating.

"Why, Joan," said I, "don't be angry. It suits you choicely—it does indeed."

"Art scoffing, I doubt." She stood looking heavily and askance at me.

"On my faith, no. Thou art certainly a handsome girl; give me a kiss for the mirror."

Instead of flying out, as I looked for, she faced round, and answered me gravely:

"That I will not; not to any but my master."

"And who is that?"

"No man yet; nor shall be till one has beat me sore; him will I love, an fellow like a dog;—if will be whack me often enough."

"A strange way to love," laughed I. She looked at me straight, albeit with an odd gloomy light in her eyes.

"Think so, Jack? Then I give thee leave to try."

I think there is always a brutality lurking in a man to leap out unawares. Yet why do I seek excuses, that have never yet found one? To be plain, I sprang fiercely up and after Joan, who had already started, and was racing along the slope.

Twice around the tor she led me; and though I strained my best, not a yard could I gain upon her, for her bare feet carried her light and free. Indeed, I was losing ground, when suddenly she stumbled. I laid hand on her shoulder, and in a moment she had gripped me, and was wrestling like a wild cat. So when Joan rushed in and closed with me, I was within an ace of being thrown, pat.

But recovering, I got her at arm's length, and held her so, while my heart ached to see my fingers gripping her shoulders and sinking into the flesh. I begged off; but she only fought and panted, and struggled to lock me by the ankles again. I could not have dream'd to find such force strength in a girl. Once or twice she nearly overmastered me; but at length my stubborn play wore her out. Her breath came short and fast, then fainter; and in the end, still holding her off, I turned her by the shoulders, and let her drop quietly on the turf. So thought had I any longer of kissing her; but stood back, heartily sick and ashamed of myself.

For a while she lay, turn'd over on her side, with hands guarding her head, as if expecting me to strike her. Then gathering herself up, she came and put her hand in mine, very meekly.

"Had liked it better had'st thou stamped the life out o' me, 'most."

"But, lass, lad—am I thine forever?"

"'Twas like a buffet in the face to me."

"What?" I cried.

She looked up in my face—dear heaven, that I should have to write it!—with eyes brimful, sick with love; tried to speak, but could only nod, and broke into a wild fit of tears.

(To be continued.)

Charming Japanese Children.

Nowhere are children more considered than in Japan. Their parents are devoted to them, and are constantly with them, carrying them about, watching and joining in their games, and apparently never so happy as when with them. Other people's children also come in for a large share of attention, and fathers seem to have as much pride in their offspring as mothers.

It is amusing on a fine morning, about six o'clock, to see half a dozen men sitting on a low wall, each with one or two little children whom he plays with and pets. The little folks are led to show off their cleverness, and, judging from appearances, they form the main interest of their fond elders.

One would imagine that with so much petting children must be spoiled and disagreeable. The contrary is the case, the children of Japan being the most well-behaved and charming little people in the world.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Rabid Man.

We may be curious to know the identity of the Secretary of the Kansas Commission to the World's Fair, remarks the Kansas City (Kan.) Journal. He has sent to the mayors of all Kansas towns a request for the photographs of all women "whose beauty, intelligence or other distinguishing feature entitle their pictures to a place in an album of representative Kansan women." An album of this sort would have to be as big as the Manufacturers' Building. The Mayor who didn't send in the likeness of the entire female population would be one not up to his job. And the secretary who could prefer such a request is worth knowing for sure.

When a difference of opinion arises it is sometimes wise to split the difference.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS  
FOR JULY 17.

Subject: Asa's Good Reign, II Chron. xiv., 1-2-Golden Text, II Chron. xiv., 11-Memory Verse, 2-5-Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Reformation under Asa (vs. 1-5). 1. "City of David." Jerusalem. "Asa, his son," Abijah had many sons (chap. 13:21). "Reigned," Asa, reigned forty-one years. "Was quiet," that is, he had no wars. "Ten years," Asa's reign was a time of rest and prosperity. Abijah's great victory over Jeroboam. These ten years of rest are naturally to be assigned to the beginning of Asa's reign; later on there was a rest of twenty years (comp. chap. 15:10 with 15:19). The number ten here makes a discrepancy with I Kings, for Baasha became king of Israel in the third year of Asa, and there was war between Asa and Baasha all their days (I Kings 15:32). 2. "Good and right." After the division of the kingdom not one of the nineteen kings that ruled over Israel was a good king, and only a few of the nineteen who ruled over Judah were good. He followed the commandments of God with his whole heart, and in "hat respect was like David." In the eyes of God. 3. He aimed at pleasing God. 4. He saw God's eye always upon him. 5. The important question is not whether we are right in our own eyes, or in the eyes of the world, but are we right before God.

"He took away." This statement, which is again repeated in verse 5, seems to be contradicted in chap. 15:17, where it is said "the high places were not taken away out of Israel." There are different ways of explaining this apparent discrepancy. Perhaps the best explanation is that Asa made a great effort to remove them from his kingdom, and was largely successful, but that notwithstanding all his efforts he failed of completing the work. He did not say that he took away "all" the high places. Some think that the high places here referred to were those of the strange gods, while those where God was worshipped were suffered to remain; others think that he took away "all" the high places. He succeeded in abolishing all the high places, but that they subsequently appeared again. "Strange gods." Heathen deities. "High places." Asherah (plur. Asheroth), and Ashteroth, the goddess of the Zidonians. Asherah was their female, as Baal was their male divinity. In the plural it is often used in the more general sense of idols.

4. "To seek the Lord." Comp. chap. 15:12, 13. Asa commanded the people to observe all the commandments of the Lord, which he had been neglecting. After destroying idolatry, Asa revived religious worship (1) by his personal example, and (2) by the use of his authority. He carried out the reforms in a spirit of self-consecration, courage and zeal. He took the breath of one of the forty or fifty men in my employment who has been drinking for many years, and I have tried to get him to stop. He has been drinking for many years, and I have tried to get him to stop. He has been drinking for many years, and I have tried to get him to stop.

II. Asa's military defenses (vs. 6-13). 6. "Built fenced cities." He probably restored the fortresses which Shishak, the king of Egypt, had taken and dismantled (chap. 12:18). The king of Judah had probably been tributary to Egypt since the time of Shishak's invasion (chap. 12:8), but now Asa discerned a favorable time to throw off this foreign yoke, and he did so. He was successful, for the Egyptians he fortified his kingdom. "Lord have given." Asa had not gained rest and success by his own valor, but God had given it. 7. "Land-before us." That is, we have no enemies to fear. We are guarded by their enemies and they are free to go at their own pleasure. "Sought the Lord." It is always good to seek the Lord. Those who pursue the world meet with vexation of spirit, but God gives peace and prosperity to those who are devoted to him. "Targets and spears." See R. V. The Hebrew word here rendered targets means a large shield, and was used by the king of Judah in heavy-armed soldiers, carrying spears, belonging to Judah, and light-armed men belonging to Benjamin. "All these." This does not mean that Asa had an army of 500,000 professional soldiers, as the Hebrew text implies. It means that he had a large number of men capable of bearing arms and liable to be called into service.

III. Asa defeats the Ethiopians (vs. 9-15). 9. "Zerah the Ethiopian." He probably belonged to the same dynasty as Shishak (chap. 12:24), for his army was composed of the same nations. This proves him to have been an Arab or an Assyrian. He had thought, an Arabian or Asiatic king. His object in invading Judah was doubtless to recover to Egypt for Asa's procedure in destroying idolatry and in restoring the worship of the Lord. This is the largest collected army of which we hear in the Scriptures. But some think that the number is not to be taken literally, and is another exaggerated figure. There was a great host too great to number. "Three hundred chariots." The chariots, though comparatively few, are mentioned because Asa himself had never before had a battle with a large army. He had been fortified by Rehoboam (chap. 11:8). It was probably near the western border of Judah, about twenty-five miles southwest of Jerusalem.

11. "Cut into two." Asa saw that his hope of success was not in any effort he might be able to make, but in God. His faith and courage mounted high, and with holy boldness he pressed his case. "Sought the Lord." Asa sought the Lord, and he was successful. He sought the Lord, and he was successful. He sought the Lord, and he was successful.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Once the Drink Appetite is Formed It is Only by a Miracle Almost That the Man is Saved—How One Man Reformed.

A great point to be aimed at is prevention—to build up a barrier between the unpurified lips of boys and drink. Once the drink appetite formed, it is only by a miracle almost the man is saved.

Mr. Gough once told the writer that while the guest of a gentleman in New Hampshire, and admiring the perfect form of the house, his host said: "Mr. Gough, I was one of the most degraded and degraded of drunkards. I will tell you how I reformed. Some ladies noticed a little girl passing by their house daily with a tin pail in her hand. One day they accosted her. 'Little girl, what have you got in your pail?' 'Whisky, ma'am.' 'Where do you live?' 'Down in the hollow.' The lady accompanied her home, and said to the mother: 'Is this your child, madam?' 'Yes.' 'Does she go to school?' 'No; we have no clothes for her.' 'Send her to our house and we will furnish her with clothes.' 'Yes,' responded the poor woman, 'and he will steal them for me.' The mother said: 'Go to Sunday-school,' inquired the lady. 'No,' replied the mother. 'I propose a plan,' said the lady: 'let your morning and go to Sunday-school, and she can return and put the old ones on before returning home.' That was agreed upon, and the little girl was so teachable, and learned to read so soon that she was presented with a little Testament, which was the first thing she ever owned. She loved it so much that she took it to bed with her and held it in her hand till she went to sleep. One day the child was sick, and the mother said: 'Oh, how I wanted drink; that quiet little child knew the hell that was in me. I must have drink, and I will get it for myself.' The father went into her room and sat by her side. He said to me, 'Oh, how I wanted drink; that quiet little child knew the hell that was in me. I must have drink, and I will get it for myself.' The father went into her room and sat by her side. He said to me, 'Oh, how I wanted drink; that quiet little child knew the hell that was in me. I must have drink, and I will get it for myself.'

Where Alcohol Fails.

Experience of recent years has taught the big insurance companies that mortality among those connected with the supply of liquors is enormous. Brewers, for example, die about five per cent. faster than the average man who works at a regular calling. Brewers, contrary to the general impression, die extensively from alcoholism, while good is an enemy which makes itself sorely felt in this occupation. Brewn are also more than ordinary subjects to diabetes, liver diseases and Bright's disease, says Beverages. The general mortality among saloon keepers is just twice as high as the average, and saloon keepers are also more than ordinary subjects to diabetes, liver diseases and Bright's disease, says Beverages. The general mortality among saloon keepers is just twice as high as the average, and saloon keepers are also more than ordinary subjects to diabetes, liver diseases and Bright's disease, says Beverages.

How Alcohol Works.

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said the doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold and it warms me. "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, and is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first smolder, then burn, and then burst into a flame, and replied: "Of course not. It is burning itself." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

In view of the suggestion that men who become drunken be deprived by law for periods of their right to vote, each one of us should consider the fact that the previous, an exchange calls attention to the fact that Professor Cook, of Trinity, Hartford, found that of every 1,000 steady drinkers who were asked to purchase a bottle of beer, 500 were ready to deliver so many drunkards votes for three years in succession for so much money.

England's New Bill.

As a result of the new English Licensing Bill, which prohibits the serving of drunkards, one publican is said to have sent a type-written letter round to every one of his customers, begging them that he must henceforth request the discontinuance of their custom. The liquor forces throughout England have taken cognizance of the fact that the new bill has prohibited the serving of drunkards, and are conducting their business accordingly.

Farmers Fight Saloons.

The Farmers' Clubs of Michigan are taking an active interest in a saloon war now being waged on the Board of Trustees. At the annual meeting of the Van Buren County Institute, January 10, resolutions were adopted expressing admiration for the determination of the State bar in making an example of those who defy the local option law.

The Cusade in Brief.

The devil wears every time a saloon is closed.

The Belgian city of Liege, with a population of 150,000, maintains 10,000 drink sellers.

Eight years ago the students of Sweden formed a temperance association. At present there are seventy-six branches, with 3900 members.

About 35,000,000 gallons of so-called Scotch whisky are consumed annually in Great Britain, but only enough barley to make 12,000,000 gallons of the genuine stuff is used. The rest is made of molasses, corn and potatoes.

Think how great a revolution would be wrought in English character and in English health if legislation set itself sternly to the task of preventing drunkenness and gambling!

The Total Abstinence Society of Copenhagen, Denmark, has a membership of over 100,000, among whom are thirty-seven ministers and 400 teachers. Last year the society arranged for 3801 temperance lectures at the homes of the poor.

According to statistics recently gathered about 200,000,000 are living in prohibition territory in this country. This is more than one-third of the entire population. In Maine, Kansas and North Dakota there are no saloons. In the other States they have it by local option.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "CHRIST'S GIFT OF LIFE."

The Rev. George R. Lunn Preaches From a Text Which He Declares Shows in Compact Form the Predominant Aim of Jesus—The Larger Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sunday night, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. George R. Lunn, assistant pastor, preached on "Christ's Gift of Life." The text was taken from John 1:12, "But as many as received him, to them he gave the right to become sons of God, who believe in his name, who came to give life to them." Mr. Lunn said:

I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that no words of our Lord are more profoundly significant than these words of the text. We have in a compact form a statement of the purpose of Jesus Christ. All else is subordinated to this great and predominant aim. Jesus Christ has come into the world to give life to every man, woman and child. This is not a conclusion of mine worked out after special investigation; it is the simple and clear and forcible statement of our Lord Himself. I am sure that no man has ever more fully expressed the purpose of Christ than is found anywhere else in Scripture.

What, then, is the life which Christ seeks to give? It is the life of fellowship with God. The Father and the Son are one, and continued throughout the ages of eternity. It is the life of spiritual oneness with God, in all to Him in thought, in purpose, in all his loving activities. It is the life which comprehends our present life, enriching it with all the holy purposes of God, our Saviour, lifting us by its power into the purified atmosphere of nobility, doing for us what we cannot do for ourselves. It is the life of which our Master spoke when He said that to lose it was a calamity, even though a man should gain the whole world.

I think I am right in saying that a great many people interpret the words and work of our Lord as applying chiefly to the other world, not altogether, but chiefly. They regard the religion of Christ as an insurance policy of safety for the next world rather than a definite program of life for the present. They think more of the saving of the soul after death than of saving the life before death. No stronger illustration of this thought can be found than the numbers of people who, when they make a decision in reference to Christ to some more convenient season. They say, not now, but at some future time, I will settle the great question of my soul's relation to God. You cannot see this. Every man who expresses some wish to lead a better life; but in nearly every case they see no need of an immediate decision. In my pastoral work I have come in contact with this extreme of indifference to the present. I have endeavored to understand what is the underlying cause of so much indecision regarding religious things, and I find that most of it can be traced to a fundamental misinterpretation of the words and work of Jesus Christ our Lord. You may express this in many ways, but at heart you are not interested in the saving of the soul after death, instead of saving the soul after death, and the gain of heaven hereafter, rather than entering into heaven now. And because of this interpretation men feel no immediate necessity of getting right with God. So long as they are reasonably sure of life here, they are willing to delay the great decision of the soul.

Against this view of religion allow me to bring the message of the Saviour, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." Every man cannot read the gospels without coming into contact with this purpose of Christ at every turn. Repeatedly do you find the word life. We are struck with the fact how constantly the word life is on the lips of Jesus. It is a word which gives us the very heart of Jesus' teaching. He was always pleading, always promising life. "If thou wilt, enter into life," keep my commandments," "He that believeth on Me, hath life," "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath the Son to have life in Himself." "Because I live ye shall live also." "Ye will not come unto Me, unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink the blood of the Son of Man." We find this same eager pleading with men to enter into life, and we further find that Jesus identified life with goodness. To Jesus life consisted in goodness. "Blessed are they that do His will, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city." "Whoever shall do the will of the Father who sent me, he shall live by His will." "Whoever shall do the will of the Father who sent me, he shall live by His will." "Whoever shall do the will of the Father who sent me, he shall live by His will."

The Counterclaim.

The farm was a lonely one, and the farmer's wife, a gentle, timid creature, lived in dread of tramps. Three times a week she went to the store, and on a day and a night, the night was a sleepless one for the poor little woman. They kept no hired man except in the haying season.

"Nobody ever has come!" grumbled the farmer, when his wife poured forth her fears.

"No, but some one might," she protested. And sure enough, one evening the dreaded happened.

"I took up my gun to go to bed, and the ground was frozen, and the wind, as the farmer's wife expressed it, "was cruel." It was 7 o'clock at night, the house was barred and bolted, the two children were getting ready for bed.

"Who is there?" quavered the farmer's wife through the keyhole.

"I want a room for the night," said a man's hoarse voice.

"Go away! Go away!" cried the farmer's wife in terror.

"You wouldn't turn a man off this kind of weather, I hope," said the voice on the other side of the door, and then the stranger coughed distressfully.

The farmer's wife looked to the chain on the door, drew the bolts, and opened the door, the dread of the chain. By the light of the lantern she saw that the stranger was a rough, dark, and shaven. "I'm here alone with my children," she said, firmly, "and I am not going to risk letting any one in."

"For the sake of this, won't you trust me?" he asked.

She took up the little book. It was worn and thumbed and old. It was a Bible. Without a word she unfastened the chain and let the stranger in.

The next morning, after he had helped her to get up, she said to him, "You had a hard good-bye, and as they shook hands he said:

"I might have been a bad one, for sure, and only trying to blind you with my Bible."

"I know," I thought of that," she answered, calmly. "But you had the counterclaim. I had to trust to God that you had come by it honestly."—Youth's Companion.

The True and the Artificial.

It is not difficult to distinguish between the true and the artificial. The moral test is the sure one. When conscience is sensitive and the will is obedient, and the life consistent, there is no doubt about one's character. It is the same with the soul. I do not to do Thy will, O God, and then does delight to do God's will, or does the will of God from firm resolve, there can be no doubt. As when one loathes sin and tries to leave it—all sin, all kinds of sin—against the body, sin against the soul, sin against the neighbor, sin against Christ and the Father—there is no difficulty in reaching a decision as to the genuineness of Christian character. It is no miracle. The garden of the Lord is there.—Bishop John H. Vincent.

Making Your Temper Over.

If you were born with a good temper, make your temper over. If cheeriness and patience and amiability are not natural, cultivate them as a second nature. No one can be really happy who is irritable and fault-finding, and what is worse, renders his nearest and dearest equally unhappy. Determination can conquer these faults, and the disposition to be prickly and grumble can be rendered sweet and tranquil and lovable. Don't imagine you must accept the nature you inherited without any attempt at change or alteration. If it is not what you want, make it over.

Optimism of Jesus.

You remember the famous line of Robert Browning, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." This was the optimism of the optimism of Browning, the optimism of Jesus went a good deal deeper. It was the fact that God was in His earth, so that the ravens were fed and the lilies were adorned, and that the very hairs of a man's head are numbered, it was that which gave a radiant quietude to Christ.—G. H. Morrison.